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Himalayah Mountains.

We have received another Letter from our young Friend, who has before furnished us with an account of his excursions in the Himalayah regions. It is dated Subathoo, the 10th of July, and contains the remainder of the narrative, resumed from that portion of it published in our Journal of the 18th of last month.

We had before remarked, on the style of these communications, that we had found it necessary to prune its luxuriance, and soften down the descriptions to a more moderate standard. The Letter that has last reached us, requires this less than any of the preceding ones, tho' it might still be much improved by being wholly new modelled. Nothing short of this indeed would effect an improvement; as an exuberance of feeling, made up of surprise and admiration at the wild magnificence of the scenery of these new regions, has given rise to a confused succession of images in the writer's mind, which he finds ordinary expressions inadequate to convey any just notion of, and he therefore heaps epithet on epithet, and repeats them with so much emphasis, and in such a variety of shapes, that the language partakes of the nature of the scenery it attempts to delineate.

As this pervades every line, and could not be altered without writing the whole over again, we have preferred retaining the original style (tho' requested to alter it in any way that might be deemed necessary,) as it will be generally intelligible, with the aid of such few alterations as have been made, and will at least be highly characteristic in giving an accurate picture of our young Traveller's mind, and showing how his feelings were operated on by the wild, romantic, and sublime majesty of the scenes and regions he describes:

"A residence in the Pass in the middle of summer, and under a cloudless sky, is attended with a degree of gloom and rigor, far from congenial even to the feelings of a native of the north of Europe. Comfort and security are here veiled in the shadow of sublimity, which obscures with its brightness all who approach to view it.

We halted here three days and nights, and having satisfied our curiosity, were glad to shift to a milder and more animated region. The snow upon the north side was hardened by the frosts (which daily increased in strength) into a crust, and appeared very inviting for a slide, and we had some thoughts of making the attempt, as the most expeditious and seemingly safe clearance from the ridge.

A Moonshoe of our party, clad in woollen from top to toe, and possessing all the hardihood and agility of a mountaineer, was very anxious to display his skill and courage, and seemed preparing for a sight that would have equalled the swiftness of the wind, but slipping inadvertently, was in a moment at the brink of the steep declivity, and I presume much against his inclination, for there he shewed a strong dislike to embark further upon the treacherous snow, and his timidity by no means encouraged us to pursue the untried path.

Descending by a flight of frozen steps, it required no inconsiderable address and caution, to move with safety. It was about 9 o'clock, and the sun had not yet beamed upon the frigid coating of the night; and the way, hollowed into many a shapeless slanting cavity by our people on the preceding day during the thawing snow, was of an intricate nature, along the verge of the inclined sheet; and we made use of our hands to support our footing, so insecure as frequently to bring us in close and disagreeable union with the iron and knife-edged pathway.

One of the party carrying a fowling piece, when it required some art to carry ourselves, slipped into a foot mark, and fell upon the frosty crust, the icy particles of which stuck like needles into the hand. We crept slowly onwards, our fingers numbed by grasping at the chilly bank to guide our steps, and reaching the bottom of the precipitous slope, looked round at the progress of those behind (who resembled a groupe of spiders or crabs stuck upon a wall, moving sideways and clinging to the snowy bank) and beheld at the curve, where the field of snow expands from the back of the Pass, vast fissures and rents, disclosing the aperture to the unfathomed depth below. We were not quite near enough to examine their nature, but we were satisfied of their dangerous contact, and thanked the good fortune that averted our resolution of setting off from the crest with a slide.

Where the depth of snow is great, the action of the frosty air ceases beyond a few feet, and a perpetual thawing goes on at the under surface, while the warmth of the day melting the eternal coat, it soaks into the granular texture, and with the pressure of the bulky mass congeals the whole into a solidity, varying in appearance & shade from ice, and in many places of the most transparent and glassy nature. At the sources of all great rivers amongst the accumulated snow and ice, there is in the coldest months (when the temperature must often range 30° degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit) a current from the lower surface, which being proportionate to the depth of snow, excludes the frigid atmosphere.

We now ran down the inclined plane of snow, across which the sun yet threw his oblique rays, and adorned it with a sparkling diamond brilliancy, that reflected a heat and dazzling glare, too bright for our eyes, which we afterwards found inflamed. Even here at 14,500 feet of elevation the sun had a fierceness, which was quite scorching. The sheet of snow is contiguous for half a mile, where an enormous pile of fragments occupies nearly the whole space of the valley, and forms the detached face and summits of the right hand ridge, which emanates from the east peak of the Pass.

No conception can measure the agent of their removal, or their extraordinary disposition; no artificial means could raise a better bulwark for the protection of the narrow and vaulted pathway of snow, which is absolutely walled around by self-arranged ruin, huge shapeless masses, jostled and crowded into the most dreadful confusion, each supporting the other, acute angles, sections of many fathoms solidity, and arches over perpetual night, all jumbled together. The ridges of the valley diverging with the descent, are here too remote to precipitate their summits to the center, and how this prodigious line of rocks was originally formed defies research. The expanse of snow abuts upon the ridge, and is now cleft by it, passing on each side with its obscure stream.

We carried the snow through the narrow passage altogether three quarters of a mile from the back of the Pass, and it now broke into patches. We came upon a firm rocky tract, with soil bearing grass and moss; the current now appears in many small spreading rills, divesting the stones of their support, and is heard bubbling in its cavernous channel.

The road became more broken, and we descended by banks or steps (not indeed of the common size) each sloping acutely for some thousands of feet and ending in a level, from which is a similar descent to another plain. At the base of the bending cliffs, lay whole acres of blocks, which attracted our attention, and the display of mineral riches cannot be conceived. Here the geologist has a boundless field for his scientific pursuit, a natural preparation of greater variety, figure, and extent, than all the labours of skill and mechanical contrivances could furnish. No hammer or chisel are

here needful; every thing shines in the magnitude of its beauty, and within the compass of a few yards lies a wide store for investigation. Large and small fragments of recent and old date, split, covered, and smashed, all piled in the wildest irregularity; some are squeezed to dust, others broken with a ragged edge, their sharp serrated points multiplying their glittering surface; there are some transversely disunited in the direction of their strata, exhibiting an extent of uniform elegance; others again are vertically sliced, shewing a variegated brilliancy and a regularity of layers, strongly elucidatory of the Neptunian system of geology.

Here are seen, in a real state, all the diversity of color and changes of the Kaleidoscope, and through these are viewed all the forms and imitations of the mechanical refinement of antiquity, and industrious device, chance-directed. Some pieces are self-poised; others of a lower position; natural arches without a key-stone; and hacked walls. There are some pieces wedged into immovable rest, with their angles flattened by their grinding weight; and here too, you behold vast fractures of a folding aspect, and as it were ready to receive the unwary stranger, arguing a force of disunion beyond human imagination.

In traversing the complicated wrecks, each step leads to a new source. The gigantic scale of natural beauty ranges on every side, and in approaching towards any point, others are passed equally alluring, and the bewildered traveller at length, as much confounded as the object of his research, rests, and with straining eyes surveying the wide extended surface, laments the short-lived destiny of his existence. Where the grandeur of the landscape is only rivalled by its boundless extent, the mind becomes exhausted, and enthusiastic curiosity is clouded by the limitless expense of its exercise. The inability to grasp at the whole, obscures and defeats the vigor of research, and the traveller at last, retraces his steps, loaded indeed with many specimens of stones, but oppressed by the reflection of the vast treasure left behind to moulder, unseen, and unknown.

The site of our admiration was at the base of the right hand range, and we not unfrequently cast a glance at its source, and could have wished to behold the grandeur of a moving mass, and witness the sublimity of a crushing destruction. The freshness of many of the fractures implied a recent disruption from above, yet they every where seemed so extensive as to destroy this opinion; other causes of equal yet imperceptible action may assist to cleave the rocks. The longitudinal fissures were perhaps original flaws, into which a shower of snow would readily find a passage, the warmth of a noon-day sun (even in winter) will liquify it, and the frost of a night in January, succeeding, has effects no less powerful than ignited gun-powder.

The position of many of the rocks unsupported in their centre must render their gravity an antagonist to their cohesion; some are rent in the line of their strata at the coadoption of the layers of mica and quartz with the gneiss, and there the disunion is likely to occur from age or weather, as a hand lever or stroke of a hammer is generally sufficient for the division of the ordinary sized blocks; but those that are vertically cut, must require a dreadful blow; these display all the disposition and originality of their formation, and spangled is their face. The micaceous substance in brightness approaches to lustre. No perfect granite was found; grey gneiss in nodules studded the blocks, and quartz more brilliant than marble, rivalled the whiteness of the snow.

Since quitting the snow, we have travelled over a rocky surface, but with ease and expedition; yet the road may be called rough; much soil appears, in which the stones are bedded; but in many places it has been washed away by the streams of melting snow during the summer months, leaving a loose irregular pointed hollow path through whose riddled substance the water tumbles in varied murmuring noise.

Vegetation upon the north side is a few hundred feet lower than its limit on a southern aspect. The first trees that greeted us, were the birch, at an elevation of 12,000 feet. They rise from the grassy slope, a few yards after quitting the base of the rocky ridge that forms the right defence of the valley; they appear too, upon the left bank, accompanying and shading the nullah; many rank creepers and plants flourished around their trunks, which were smooth as glass, and of a goodly girth.

The inclination of the bank was so great as to oblige us to spring or bound through the interval betwixt the trees. Endless varieties of new plants were trampled under foot unheeded; for the irresistible desire of advancing still farther and farther upon the untrodden field, hurries the stranger onwards.

The scenery a little further down, becomes very enlivening both banks forsake their desolate structure, and carry grass to their tops. The dell has a flat-bottom. The soil is of the blackest mould, moistened by perpetual dews, and the filtration of icy currents is enriched with multiplied hardy trees of Alpine growth. The stream of the Pass washes the right hand range and is concealed by thickets. The pines now rise in rows, and this dark green shade, mingled with the deep yellow leaves of the birch, heighten the noble picture, while the grassy ridge breaking into naked rock, mounts into the zone of perpetual snow, and guards the smiling verdure of the valley.

The stream, supplied with feeders from its shelving banks, roars in obscurity. Nature now unfolds her grandest efforts, and trees and shrubs multiply with the increasing descent. The wooded banks slanting less, converge towards their summits and diminish the expanse of dell; many shrubs are passed, amongst which are black currant bushes, in patches, bouding under their ripened load.

At three miles from the Pass the current is carried underneath a very magnificent arch of snow, of unaltered extent and appearance, since the former year's visit. The edge of the frozen vault that receives the stream is hewn and shaped into a striking resemblance of a yawning mouth, and the traditional records of the escape of the celebrated Ganges by a cow's mouth, is not at all weakened by the present instance. It may be as well to remark however, that the materials of the mouths differ widely in their texture; in the one they are rock, (most probably granite) and in the other frost.

The extent of the bed of snow was one hundred yards downward, and about forty yards across, with a solid depth of thirty feet. The passage into the arch was in the line of the diagonal of the depth, contracting towards the bottom, and giving it the singularity described. A shower of rain fell from its lower surface, which hangs over the river in awful threatening gloom. Our height was 10,800 feet, and the sun shone powerfully, alternately thawing and freezing until it had compacted the mass into a glossy substance; but it still retained its granular texture.

This surface of snow after withstanding the effects of five of the hottest months of the season, yet threw a spangled defiance at the last influence of the summer. Considering that our altitude was but a couple of hundred feet above the highest peak at Whartow, where the snow is dissolved by the commencement of the periodical rains, and that we were inferior by 1,100 feet to the Choor, a mountain in Sirmoor, on whose summit may be found blocks of ice, and upon its shelving sides, shaded by heavy forests, stripes of snow at a later period, and that here the temperature of the atmosphere at noon day in autumn exceeded 60—it seemed somewhat difficult to account for this unmelted mass by natural deduction; but we soon perceived that this bed, with many others, owes its extent and eternity to its local situation here at the foot of mountains, upon whose precipitous sides the snow cannot rest, but must every now and then be hurled down in prodigious quantities, where lying half the day in the shade of the steep banks, and damped by the moisture of rank vegetation, it resists the bright power of a nearly vertical sun.

We trod upon the snow, ankle-deep, and had frequently to pass along the hollow edge of a fracture, which yet adhered too firmly to yield to our light steps; for every thing here, from the unsupported icy vault to the self-poised rocky fragments and mouldering cliffs, belonged to a primitive mechanism of supernatural bulk and magnificence, whose wrecks and ruins are even of a giant mould, too strong to be disturbed by human foot.

Quitting the snow, the road verged upon the shelving banks which for several feet was bare of living things, shewing that the channel of the river was blocked up with snow, till a very recent period; small rills trickled through the spongy soil, so that it required a little action and agility to prevent a slip into the stream. The stores of the vegetable world crowd upon the traveller with each pace of descent, and now in this contracted dell he is conducted along by the luxuriant verdure. Weeds, bushes, and creeping plants overspread the soil; and pines, as straight as cypress, of a good size; rise with the nearly vertical ridges, changing color and stature with the ascent, till they become stunted, and finally disappear. Dwarf birch then succeeds, and these give way to grass and lichens, which are the last productions of nature, and crown the summit.

We encamped in the centre of the dell, at 10,700 feet of altitude, upon a carpet of vegetation, sloping towards the nullah; which here rumbles in the shadow of night, the trees on either side forming an archway over it. The object of our halt here, was to

collect some European plants, and try the preserve of the currants and raspberries. The days were cloudless, and the sun beamed an agreeable warmth, notwithstanding our elevation. The thermometer ranged from 39° at sunrise to 66° the highest in the tent. The barometer had an oscillation from 30.350 inches to 20.440. The mornings and evenings were sharp, yet pleasant, on the recollection of those of the elevated spot we had abandoned; heavy dews followed the setting of the sun, and hoar frost gilded the ground at day break; wood was plentiful, and we enjoyed the comforts of a blazing fire.

The day was far advanced before the sun cleared the mountains, but the temperature was a little affected, till he threw his dazzling rays full into the valley, and we softened the chilliness of the shade by the assistance of half a dozen of trees set on fire, at the side of which, upon the grass, we refreshed ourselves with tobacco and tea.

About noon we took our guns, and groped into the woods, hoping to fall in with game, some new genus of birds, or European plants. Black currants were abundant, the bushes growing in the darkness of impervious thickets, at the foot of declining rocks bathed by perpetual springs from their massy sides, and in the dampness of a stagnant atmosphere, were of a sickly slender growth, branching from the roots in lengthened boughs, one half generally decayed, but the productive portion holding bunches of excellent quality.

The Goorkhalies were much more familiar with them, than with the gooseberries of the former season. For two successive days we followed the tract of the currants and raspberries, amongst the thickest and most stubborn forests; the earth groaned with streams, gave birth to deep rank weeds, uniting the trunks of fallen trees, and making original irregularity more rugged, and often going over a projecting side of rock eaten away with age and water, till it blocked up the passage.

Finding no game, and few emblems of northern scenery, no juniper or heath, and tired of pressing sideways through the resisting branches, we next day climbed to higher ground, expecting from the superior altitude to meet with old acquaintances. We lost the trees quickly, and the soil vanished as we rose, disclosing much rock. We found wild scellery in bunches. The digitates or fox-glove appeared in several places, and rhubarb of large and spreading leaves grew in quantities.

The ascent was too steep to admit of travelling in the usual manner, and we resorted to a creeping posture as the best mode of advancing. We had risen some 12 or 1300 feet without much variety of European produce, and the few birds we saw were too wild and worthless for pursuit; they resembled the linnet species. We lost the sun early in the afternoon, and the shade was high upon the ridges of the valley, the way becoming less inclined, more difficult and unproductive, at each step we gave up the idea of reaching the snow, and rested to look back upon the view. In front were the great Kylas peaks, or spires, summits shooting up behind the opposite bank; and piercing with their accumulated naked sides and whitened beads the lofty clouds, in threatening grandeur.

To the north-east was seen a range of table surface, just topped with snow, and seeming to bound the depth of the Himalyah; over it hung a desolate gloom, it was detached from the mass of mountains, and terminated in two remarkable peaks, of amazing bulk, laced in fleecy garments, and led our wondering eyes to judge what might be their altitude. We employed the time of our halt very busily in upsetting large stones, till several crashing amongst the trees near the encampment warned us to desist. We returned to the tent at sun-set, disappointed with the scanty display of once familiar plants which our elevation announced.

Uncertain how favorable for ascending the slopes of the Himalyah our route along the bed of the Sutluj might prove, and being now upon the back of the great chain, our expectations pointed towards the wooded ridge opposite, which was an undivided continuation of the snow, and the following day with a barometer of excellent structure, and a thermometer and fowling piece, we set out and crossed the stream of the dell a few yards above the tent; the shelf of the bank was almost too great for sliding, and it seemed but just relieved from the torpor of winter. Vegetation was feeble and scattered, but here were patches of the finest rhubarb we had yet seen; the roots were well sized and struck deep into the soil; the streams had a good appearance, and were loaded with seeds; pieces of old ice still adhered to the banks; they were the remains of an arch which had been consumed by the heat of summer.

Fording the current, we now followed the course of a beautiful rill, whose transparent crystal waters coated its channel with a carpet of the richest verdure; the passage was edged by mural rocks, fringed with many creepers and closing over us shut out the day. Water cresses flowered in the stream; plants, greener than the grass, lined the pathway; moss and herbs of cavernous growth, of moisture and darkness, pierced the cleft walls, and showered through their spongy substance the fountains that bathed their sides. The dewy atmosphere of perpetual shade animated even the solid rock, and upon their lowering brow, denied to mortal grasp, the wall flower grew in silent undisturbed repose.

Quitting the nullah, now roughened by the stoney bed, we ascended the broken slope, finding many new plants; we passed through the pines and birch till we lost them both, and then mounted with fatiguing exertion over a bleak grassy face, until we arrived at the summit.

What a scene of astonishment now stares at the spectator. The barometer fell below 18½ inches; our elevation was above 13,000 feet; from this commanding eminence we beheld the valley of the Buspa, as if beyond all earthly reach, washing the feet of the outer range of the Himalyah on one side, and the great Kylas peaks on the other, which rise in solemn magnificent grandeur, and striking their spiral summits through the clouds, shine in unsullied wintry magnificence upon the depth below. They appear of a friable granite texture, and have not resisted the volume of water that rolls a tide of silent destruction on their base. Here we were near enough to observe the ragged structure of their substance, and the eye, looking down the steep declivity, runs along the naked ridges to their snowy crown, over a vast face of rock of 14,000 feet in vertical depth; beds of snow lay in their furrowed sides, which are amazingly precipitous, and thawing at the blaze of noon, sent down gushes to which the crumbling nature of the rock has yielded, and the whole side towards us presented a pile of ruthless disorder.

This group is numerous, and in the back ground they gain their loftiest stretch and swell into mountains of snow. The clouds would seem to haunt them eternally, and we rested impatient to see them disperse; but they were whirled in a vortex, and played in an awful shapeless agitation around their circled snowy crests. Perhaps there are few scenes in the Himalyah more strangely contrasted or more impressive than the one viewed from this station. The bottom of the Buspa is at the vast depth of 7,000 feet, and the river scarce shews its nature. In these secluded vallies, the mountaineer cultivates the vine, and ploughs the sloping sides of the Himalyah into fertility; there seems to reign perpetual peace; prosperity and wealth adorn the banks of the stream, and primitive simplicity and industry are guarded by interminable winter. The prospect grows upon the sight, and delusion might extend to reality, and produce an irresistible inclination to precipitate one's self down the abyss.

The ridge upon which we stood, carries the last effort of vegetation; further on, cleaving into rocks, and rising in naked sublimity, ends a crown of snow, with the east peak of the Pass. West of that, along the base of the forked peaks, as far as we could see, lay a sheet of frozen snow, (it may be called a vast glacier,) and had a beautiful shining appearance, leaning against the elevated body of the summits, from which it declines for above a mile, and rests its lower edge upon a line of perpendicular rocks. How far it runs west we could not distinguish; it appears to be the accumulation of ages, and what is the depth would be difficult to guess; not a point interrupts its uniformity.

We amused ourselves by tumbling down immense stones, and the effects were truly grand; three or four of us removed a mass which ridged the soil as it went, and bounded with a whizzing disjunction of the air down the slope; and frequently we saw a tree fall to the ground in silence, for the report of destruction was long in reaching us. We returned to our camp at sunset, well repaid for the fatigue and want of game.

Our few days halt here passed away in the centre of plenty and the most lively reflections. Grapes were brought to us from the nearest village upon the banks of the Sutluj; and our people feasted upon goats deliciously. Fresh supplies of currants and raspberries poured in to us, and the comfortable blaze of a large fire invited us to forsake the tent. The mornings and evenings were spent in the open air, on the green grass, surrounded with European scenery, and flourishing beneath the unsullied atmosphere of a tropical climate.

Son of the Morning.

The following Letter was transmitted to us for insertion in our Literary Number, to which the critical remarks of our various Correspondents on this subject have hitherto been confined; but was unintentionally printed in our Number of yesterday. In that edition there were some errors, which we are desirous of correcting, and we have accordingly re-printed it in a revised form.

Sir, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

In discussing the question as to the personage alluded to by Lord Byron, under the appellation of "*Son of the Morning*," I do not know whether the etymology of *Lucifer* has been adverted to. The signification of that name, in the original language, is obviously "*bringing light*." If, therefore, any doubt could longer exist upon the subject, after referring to the passage in the Scriptures pointed out to you by W. E. of Allahabad, the mere translation of the name would decide the point. On consulting Cruden's Concordance, a work equally valuable and astonishing, I cannot discover that *Lucifer* is any where, either in the Old or in the New Testament, addressed as the *Son of the Morning*, except in Isaiah, Chap. 14, verse 12.

Your Correspondent at Barrackpore says, that *Lucifer* is called the *Star*, though it is not usual to call him the *Son of the morning*. The Rev. Mr. Scott, in his notes upon the text of Isaiah just mentioned, observes that "the Jews here resume the discourse, and address the King of Babylon by the title of '*Lucifer, Son of the Morning*;'—the *morning star*; being the first in dignity among the princes of the earth; but he was now fallen from heaven and utterly debased." But although *Lucifer*, as bringing light, might, in the language of poetry, with equal propriety, perhaps, be designated either as "the *Son of the Morning*," or as "the *Morning Star*," I cannot find that the latter appellation is given to him in any part of the Scriptures. It is applied very differently in Revelations, chap. ii. verse 28, and in chap. xxii. verse 16.

The falling star, Revelations, chap. ix. verse 1, &c. is considered by the Rev. Mr. Scott as the prediction of the successes of the Eastern Antichrist, *Muhummud*.

"Amos, chap. v. verse 26, speaking of the idolatry of the Israelites in the wilderness, informs us, 'that they carried along with them the *star of their god*.' St. Stephen, in Acts, chap. vii. verse 43, quoting this passage of Amos, according to the Septuagint, says, 'Ye took up the *tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Remphan*.' This last word has given occasion to a great number of conjectures on the part of Grotius, Vossius, Diodorus Siculus, and others. The opinion that is most common is, that it was a representation of the planet *Saturn*."—(CRUDEN.)

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

Chouringhee, 2d August, 1819.

SCRAP.

Antiquities.

When the Altar Tomb in the Chapel of St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, was removed from thence into the chancel (on which, is a recumbent figure of a knight in linked armour, cross-legged, with a lion couchant at his feet,) there was discovered, in removing the rubbish with which the grave was filled, not far below the surface, some leg and thigh bones, and a skull, together, evidently belonging to two grown up persons and a child: the length of one pair of the thigh bones was 19 inches, and of the leg bones 15: of another, the thigh bones were 18 inches, and the leg bones 14. On digging to the bottom, which, as well as the sides of the grave, was a complete piece of masonry, rather more than three feet deep, a tolerably perfect skeleton was discovered, wrapped up in leather, and, singular to relate, without a head, no appearance of which could be found: the hands were crossed upon the breast, and the leather, considering the time it must have lain there, was very perfect. The coffin, with the exception of some very small fragments adhering to several large nails nearly consumed by rust, had entirely mouldered away. This headless skeleton was five feet long, the thigh bones nineteen and a half inches, and the leg bones sixteen inches long. It was not disturbed, and the other bones which had been taken out for the gratification of the curious, were afterwards put in again, and the graves closed up. Various conjectures have been hazarded respecting this skeleton, some holding that it was designed for Hotspur, who was slain in the battle of Bartlefield; and others, that it belongs to Roger Leghorne, who, among the knights of Shropshire, in 1263, took up arms for Henry the Third, against the faction of the Earl of Leicester.

Son of the Morning.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

Sir,

The expression *Son of the Morning*, or *Day-star*, has different meanings in different places of Scripture, see II Pet. i. 19. Rev. ii. 28. xxii. 16. In Isaiah xiv. 12. it refers primarily to the King of Babylon, about to be overthrown by Cyrus. But I apprehend none of its Scripture senses are applicable to the disputed passage in Childe Harold. Why should a sceptic invoke the Devil to contemplate with him the evidences of the transitory nature of national glory and national creeds, of temporal majesty and of belief in spiritual powers? The sceptic must be equally incredulous of the existence of the Evil Spirit, as of the Divinity of Jove, or of the Mission of Mahomet.

Admitting that the Poet had a momentary (or poetical) belief in him as the author of all evil, ("war, despotism, and ignorance") yet a deprecatory apostrophe would come too late in favor of the ruins of Athens; "the dream of things that were."

Dryden says, in a noble translation of an Ode of Horace,

"Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,

"What *has* been, has been; and I have had my hour."

Though the Poet alludes to "steel, and flame, and ages slow," as the causes of the destruction of Athens, he chiefly considers it as the effect of time. Her "men of might," her "grand in soul" are gone,

"and o'er each mouldering tower,
"Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.

As time revolves

"Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:

"Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds

"Will rise with other years, till man shall learn

"Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;

"Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

The native of a country (England) that has not yet ascended to its noon of greatness, a SON OF THE MORNING, is invited to look upon these spoils of time, to confess its power over all things humane and divine, and to abjure his faith in the permanence of the glory of his own country, and in the perpetuity of his own religion. Thus the passage means.—Approach O English Pilgrim! and learn to think thyself a

"Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds."

What this conclusion is as "lame and impotent" as it is pernicious and uncomfortable, I need not insist.

The above explanation was suggested to me by a Friend, and thinking it satisfactory, I submit it to your Readers.

Fort William, August 3, 1819.

E. B.

Literature and the Arts.

Mr. Roscoe has in the press, a work on Penal Jurisprudence and the Reformation of Criminals, which will include an inquiry into the motives, ends, and limits of human punishments; and also, as to the effect of punishment by way of example, and on the prevention of crime. The work will also contain the latest accounts respecting the state prisons and penitentiaries in the United States of America.

Dr. Shaw has in the press, a new edition of Lord Bacon's works, in twelve volumes, small 8vo. enriched with portraits; the Latin part will be translated into English (for the more general reading of ladies as well as gentlemen who are not acquainted with the classic tongues,) as recommended by the late Bishop of Landaff, in his life.

Mr. S. Fleming has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, at two guineas, the life of Demosthenes; containing all that is recorded of that celebrated orator, both in his private and public conduct; with an account of the age of Philip of Macedon, and Alexander the Great, embracing the most interesting and brilliant period of ancient Greece, in arts, literature, and eloquence. It will be handsomely printed on a fine paper, and make a large quarto volume, replete with curious and valuable matter.

In the course of March 1819, was to be published, the Plays and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected and chronologically arranged, and the text carefully collated and restored, with occasional notes; and a biographical and critical essay, by William Gifford, Esq.

Aggravated Distress.

Proposals are in circulation for publishing by subscription, a print representing the Decisive Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo, to be engraved by W. Bromley, from a picture by Luke Clennell, which was rewarded by the British Institution in 1816. Size of the engraving 18 inches by 10½. The picture is in the hands of the engraver, and the prints will be ready for delivery in the autumn of the present year.

The following are the singular and heart-rending circumstances which have given rise to this publication:

Mr. Clennell, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. Bewick of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustrations of Roger's *Pleasures of Memory* from the designs of Stothard, and the diploma of the Highland Society, from a drawing by the venerable president of the Royal Academy (the largest wood engravings of the age), are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one too of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution; he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the Institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the Fete given by the City of London to the assembled Sovereigns—a picture which had cost him unheard of labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state—he was afflicted with the most dreadful of all maladies—the loss of reason! He has been now for nearly two years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale;—his wife, fondly attached to him, attending him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmering of returning reason still held out, and the despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy—at the moment too when she seemed to her friends to have overcome the severity of the trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid—became herself the subject of the same malady, which being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in her death. The death of a young mother of a young family is always a most afflictive event. In the present instance the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed beyond all hope.

It is to provide for three young children, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it cannot but hope that the melancholy circumstances in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public; yet their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art. The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event; which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

The reward conferred on this picture by the British Institution must be considered as especially sanctioning the selection of the committee; and the well known talents of the engraver are the best guarantee that can be offered to the public for the excellence of the whole.

Mr. Abraham Cooper, R. A. of New Millman-street, Foundling Hospital, has just finished a battle picture, intended for the British Institution, together with three others; and is now employed by the Right Honorable Lord Ribblesdale to paint the Battle of Marston Moor, with portraits of Cromwell, Lambert, Sir Thomas Fairfax, &c. &c. &c. This picture is in an advanced state, and will be sent to the Royal Academy, accompanied by several others, portrait of horses, fancy pictures, &c.

Mr. Ankersmith, engraver, of Bridge-row, Chelsea, has in great forwardness, the large plate, after the painting by Mr. Henphy, representing the Duke of Wellington giving Orders to his Officers, previous to a general action.

Almorah.

As this is a portion of our Asiatic possessions that grows in interest every day, and to which public attention is very strongly directed, we have seized the opportunity of enriching our Number of to-day, with a highly interesting communication from this quarter, contained in a Letter dated Almorah, April 4, 1819, and published in the Asiatic Mirror of yesterday.

"The last from me announced our intended trip through the District, of which you shall have a short account to give some idea of the pleasures of marching in the Hills. Our party, consisting of five gentlemen and one lady, started on the evening of the 5th of March, for Bumsahghaut, about eight miles from Almorah in a North Westerly direction, leading through the Civil Station of Howulbaugh, from which the remainder of our journey of three miles was truly beautiful, as it passed along the banks of a very rocky stream, the Cossillah, between abrupt and picturesque hills, wooded with firs. About the end of this march we crossed the river, and as the road was generally good, the day was, as you may suppose, most agreeably spent, and the evening escaped in cheerful gaiety.

Next morning, breakfast being dispatched, we commenced our task, which we found a little more difficult than the preceding, from the irregularity of the path, of width scarce sufficient for the feet of the horses: still however we rode, until about half way my steed lost his balance and fell with me over a ledge seven or eight feet high, by which he was severely lamed, but I fortunately got up unhurt. This accident induced more caution, and I sent the poor brute back to his stable, as I was provided with another of worse appearance but better worth. The way now led through a narrow, but well cultivated valley, called by the Europeans Glen Soottrah, on account of its beauty, and from having been first seen in 1817. We arrived at our ground at 2 o'clock, not at all oppressed by the heat, but a little annoyed by the badness of the road. The tents were pitched near a small village, with a large native house denominated Soobakkote, not much more than 10 miles, though fully equal to 15 in the plains. The day was spent as usual, but in the morning we found that so many of the Khussahs or hill porters, had deserted during the night, it was impossible to move without leaving more than we could spare behind us. A halt was therefore called, and the time was patiently spent by fishing in a neighbouring brook, but the animals seemed to have the sagacity of their countrymen and avoided all apprehension, not giving us even the satisfaction of a few nibbles.

On the 8th, we resumed our march, which winded through a continuation of the valley, blooming with verdure, and richly perfumed by the wild fruit trees in high blossom; they were chiefly Apple, Pear, Cherry, Apricot, and Walnut trees, almost producing the effect and impression of an artificial orchard, watered by a sweet purling stream which murmured in its meander through these shady groves, clear as crystal. There only seemed to be wanting the melody of birds to make the scene altogether enchanting; not a winged animal however was to be seen or heard, nor a sound of any kind, but the distant noise of the water running over its pebbly bed. In the recesses of the hills, wherever sufficient space could be procured, there were groupes of shated hamlets, half concealed by trees of richest foliage. These are chiefly occupied by Jousseys or Brahmins of the highest cast, who held free lands under the Goorkahs, and have received similar grants from the British Government. It was by their intrigues and invitation, about 25 years ago, that the Nepaulese first undertook their conquest, and established themselves in this quarter: so that the provision made for them was an act of gratitude on the part of the conquerors; but the policy of it may be much doubted, for they have by far too great an influence over the minds of the people, from their religious ascendancy and the public support they have received. They are constantly meeting in bodies and holding private assemblies, the object and nature of which it would be difficult to ascertain, as the utmost secrecy is observed, and the parties invariably dissolved on the slightest interruption. This last march was about 9 miles, very interesting, though by no means grand, as the hills were comparatively low and of easy ascent.

On the 9th, two miles from Camp, we crossed a neck of land connecting two ridges by a Ghaut, the descent from which was at the commencement so direct as to be cut in steps: it was not however long, and the road for five miles continued with an easy slope

to the bed of the Goamutty river, very rapid, but forded without difficulty in the dry season. A small Saugha or bridge of planks on piers has been made, for the convenience of foot passengers, but not of sufficient strength to bear cattle. Three miles farther along a level plain, brought us to Bhagaisor, a religious place situated in an angle formed by the junction of the Goamutty and Saardah or Soorjoo, after which the former stream drops its name and the united current flows to the Eastward with considerable rapidity. We passed the latter river by a Saugha, similar to that already described, and encamped on a little flat on the opposite bank, after a march of ten miles. Bhagaisor is a small consecrated village of dirty appearance, but gains importance from several temples of Chinese fashion, to which periodical visits are paid by the natives from some distance around. It has also become famous as an established mart for mercantile intercourse with the Lowlanders, who at the annual fairs send up agents to barter for hill produce. The inhabitants of Bootan, which is the tract of Country immediately contiguous to the Himalyah mountains, are constantly moving backward and forward with merchandize, carried by large flocks of goats and sheep loaded in the manner of bullocks, with small double bags, each weighing from five to ten seers, according to the power of the animal. They are generally stout hardy men, of Chinese countenance, clothed in blanket dresses, and braving every extreme but heat, which so completely overpowers and relaxes their energies, that during the hot months they seldom attempt an exposure to it.

After seeing the place, there was indeed nothing to induce our stay, but we were prevented from moving by the desertion of Khusseahs, who took advantage of the dark night to elude the vigilance of the sentries under whom they were placed, as soon as they had finished their meals. The population of the Country is so very thin that the desertion even of a few is of serious consequence, particularly to troops, as the difficulty of procuring substitutes is so great; and it seems to be reckoned of such little importance, that punishment is seldom awarded for the offence, which gives the greater inducement to repeat it. The honesty of these animals I may call them (for they scarcely appear to have the faculties and feelings of men) is however unimpeachable, for though every thing be left entirely at their mercy, a theft is never committed. They play curious tricks at times, for if a Khusseah is travelling alone and finds his burthen oppressive, without the slightest compunction, he relieves himself of part by throwing it down the hill; yet if taxed with the offence, though aware that punishment awaits his confession; he does it most frankly. Thus far had we proceeded when we found that our party was too large, and carriage could not be procured to accommodate all, but by dividing that we might all be supplied. It was therefore resolved that Major — and I should go in advance.

We accordingly started in company, leaving four of our party behind. At the beginning there was a gentle rise when we got to the top of a narrow ridge, along which we completed the march of 10 miles to the village of Kandah. The roads, was excellent, and the scenery truly beautiful, through luxuriant forests all the way of oak and fir alternately, with occasional peeps of the distant country and snowy mountains, wherever an opening occurred. Next morning our route lay still along the ridge for eight miles, when we descended by a good path amongst jungle and fir trees, crossed a stream and stopped at the end of 9½ miles to breakfast, near the village of Kumsairy.

Having rested for a couple of hours, we renewed our progress, at first by a very dreary ascent along a rocky brook for three miles, then a pleasant and cheerful descent for three more, and latterly we ascended to our tents pitched about a quarter of a mile from the Tambakkun or Copper mines, which are rented from the Government by a Silversmith of Almorah at 1,200 rupees per annum, the lease is renewed every year by being put up to public auction. The mines are not much larger than a wolf's earth and worked by boys, who are relieved once a day; they are not dug horizontally, but have a considerable depression from the mouth, as the natives suppose that the slope downwards gives greater facility to the access of air, this may be greatly doubted, as the direction of the gallery must be guided by that of the stratum. The ore is extremely poor and found in a bed of saponaceous stone of a milky color. The method of extracting is by trituration and fusion, the latter being done by means of bellows quickly moved, and the fuel is wood. The copper being purified, is immediately coined and circulated in pice, three to an anna. This neighbourhood is much infested by tigers, who take advantage of the cover of the thick jungles all round. It was reported that two days before our arrival, the head

man of a village had been carried off, while at work in his fields, and in confirmation of the circumstance, the villagers said, his body had been found and burnt with all due solemnity. The march was about ten miles, and from the eminence on which we encamped, we had a fine view of the Himalyah and surrounding country. On the 12th, we had a steep descent for three miles, through a dreary wilderness, and an equally bad ascent for the same distance; the remainder of the way was easy and pleasant, but from the badness of the roads, the journey was rather fatiguing, though not above nine miles. We halted at Gungouly, a large village in ruins, bearing marks of former consequence, from temples and traces of extensive cultivation now lying waste—all these districts are said to have suffered severely from the Goorkah oppression, by which they were so grievously assessed, that wives and children were taken as part of the revenue, and the men, when no further resources remained to satisfy the tyrants, obliged to fly their country to save their lives, the last forfeiture in case of deficiency of kishit. To such an extent did these imperious monsters carry the system of enslaving their subjects, that the freedom of children was only rated at 5 to 10 rupees each; when a sufficient number were collected, they were sent under a guard to those fairs in the plains which are held for the purpose of hill trade, and there sold with the same ceremony as so many head of cattle.

Near Gungouly there is a temple, surrounded by very luxuriant larches from 100 to 130 feet in height and 10 to 15 feet in circumference; being the first we met with, their appearance was particularly striking. Our next march consisted of three descents with intermediate levels, but scarcely sufficient to take breath. The first descent was almost by steps and occupied 50 minutes, the second 20 minutes, and the last 30, when we reached the banks of the Ram Gunga, a very deep and impetuous river, whose channel is narrowly confined by high rocks on either side—we encamped after a march of 9 miles, having crossed the river by an old Saugha bridge of Chinese form, 100 feet broad, made by two strong abutment piers, from which massy timbers project in five rows, with five timbers in each row, corresponding on both sides. The first or lower tier is five feet out of the masonry, the second 10 feet beyond it, and the rest 10 feet beyond each other, until by verging towards the centre, they come within 20 feet, when long beams are laid to rest on them, making the whole complete and secure with a sort of railing. The idea is simple and ingenious, where it is impossible to construct a pier in the river on account of its rapidity, and the violence with which rocks and stones are hurled down its channel. The fabric is entirely dependent on its abutments, which are of such size and weight, as to be calculated to keep the levers considerably beyond equipoise; it has a very gay and airy appearance with the idea of perfect strength and safety, that is of course when well constructed, the one however just described is in decay, and may be said to require the entire renewal of timbers.

From the Ram Gunga we had a very hard climb for 5 miles to a Ghaut, which brought us on Table land, highly cultivated though not extensive, called the valley of Shore, which is the name of the Purgunah around. At the end of six miles we halted for a few hours to breakfast in a small grove of larches; with a rivulet running past the door of the tent, on whose banks were abundance of fruit trees, wild lillies, daisies, strawberries, and raspberries. After our repast, we travelled along a gentle rise for three miles, when we reached a commanding eminence, the view from which on all sides was most bewitching; three and a half miles from us was the Post of Pettorah, situated in the centre of an extensive valley, richly cultivated, on a low hill, warmly covered with velvet turf, beyond which were lofty mountains as far as the eye could reach, some completely embosomed in forest, others bleak and barren with features the most rugged and harsh, opposed to each other in such a way as if artfully intended to make the contrast more forcible and impressive. This scene was a treat that might almost induce one to undertake the circuit of the world, for it was indeed a full and striking representation of the sublime. The delight it occasioned was a sunshine to the mind, and had our journey been 50 miles that day we could have gone almost without a murmur, and so much were we enamoured with the beauties of nature that we actually sighed for want of words to express our admiration and delight. The Fort of Pettorah stands on the middle of a low range about 1000 feet above the streams below; there are slated lines for half of the 2d Nusseree Battalion, and two bungalows for officers, also the ruins of a small Goorkah fortification, ordered to be demolished, as a new fort is to be constructed on a spur of the hill in the vicinity of the cantonments. Pettorah is nearly East from Almorah, perhaps a little North.

On the evening of the 15th, we left the delightful spot which still occupied our thoughts, and marched 7 miles to Jäkpörän, a small and dirty hovel; the road was good, and journey interesting from the great variety of trees and shrubs in flower, amongst which we frequently saw the *Hastingsonia*, named after His Lordship. Before we moved on the 16th, we had breakfast, and a tough job to perform after it, first by descending to the Ram Gunga and ascending from it. The descent was in many places steeper than we had ever found, and altogether continued nearly 5 miles; we crossed the river 3 feet deep and 50 yards broad at the small village of Ramaisor, just above its junction with the Saardah or Soorjoo, which also brings down a large volume of water and retains its tide after the conflux. The latter stream about 30 yards broad and very rapid, we passed by a temporary Sangha of very bad construction, weak and unsteady, from the slightest weight; we sat down for a while to rest our wearied limbs and to give our followers time to cook, as the high hill we had to climb started us in the face and almost seemed to say, I will work you well; so it did, for we were upwards of an hour in reaching its summit, and well inclined to go no farther; there were at least 5 miles more, which however, we got over easily, the path being generally level and good. The scenery was so much like what has been already described that it were needless to say more than calling it beautiful.

Our route on the 17th, afforded little subject for description, it was easy and occasionally varied by slight rises and falls; the latter part was indeed picturesque for 3 miles; after we had passed through a thick plantation of larches we suddenly got a view of Lohoo Ghaut, and its vicinity much resembling the English landscape, for the hills are uniformly covered with turf, interspersed with patches of cultivation, and gradually shelving towards each other, leaving heights and hollows as if artificially sloped. The post of Lohoo Ghaut appears in the distance on a pretty little flat, with a rivulet in front, on the opposite side of which is a high hill well clothed with larches and pines. The Cantonment is for half of the 2d Nusseree Battalion, and there are two very neat flat roofed houses, lately built with good taste. Here one might almost suppose from the features of the country that he was in the land of Christians. There is a mulberry tree a few miles from this, that deserves from its size to be mentioned, the trunk of which is one solid mass, measures 33 feet in circumference, and yields very fine fruit. If it were ascertained how much these trees annually grow, it would be curious to calculate the age of this from its bulk.

I have omitted noticing the game occasionally seen during our travels, some kinds of which are peculiar to the climate. Black and grey partridges were in abundance, and pheasants were not at all rare; of the latter there were several sorts, but the most common greatly resembled in body the dunghill fowl, with a smaller head and a small tuft of feathers on it. The plumage of all of them is very shabby, they are however a very delicate bird of high game flavour. At Lohoo Ghaut, in the winter time, woodcocks are frequently shot of the same description as those in Britain; it is here a bird of migration for it disappears on the approach of the hot weather. Black birds are in all the groves just like those at home, but have no musical powers, at least they have never been heard to sing. The male is jet black with yellow beak, and the female of a sparrow grey. There are various species of deer on all the hills that afford cover, but the musk deer does not seem to inhabit this quarter, though I have seen and killed them to the westward of the Alikundrah river.

On the evening of the 18th, we again set out, and on the way inspected the new Fort of Pettorah three miles distant. It consists of a rampart with loop holes crowning the summit of a peak commanding the neighbouring heights and the declivity on all sides is very abrupt. There were numerous villages on this route, but chiefly deserted, as the inhabitants retire to the plains on account of the cold from January till April. Tygers occasion great alarm in this District, and frequently intercept the unwary traveller—We encamped at Kumlake, distant altogether 10 miles; next day we travelled by a good road through thick forests along a high range, breakfasted at 5 miles, and found our tents 11½, immediately below a small temple surrounded by larches called Dee, from which the descent was long, steep and difficult.

We finished our journey on the 20th, by marching 27½ miles to Almorah, this we divided by two halts to breakfast and tea. The greater part of the way was wild and romantic, much infested by

tygers, and scarcely the vestige of a habitation. It was along a ridge, with frequent rises and falls, till we reached Bandany Daby, a high hill with a small temple five miles from the end. From this there is a good view of Almorah, immediately across a deep dell through the centre, of which flows the Sowal a considerable rivulet crossed by a ford; the ascent and descent are both great, but the path is very good.

The day after our arrival at Almorah there was considerable alarm in the town from a leopard, which was found in a house, having gorged itself by devouring a goat the previous night; when disturbed by the landlady in the morning, it quitted the quarters, dashed through the streets, and took up a fresh birth in a small slated hovel, where I had the satisfaction of perforating his head with a musket shot, and for my trouble was rewarded with the possession of the skin.

Our excursion may well be supposed to have given every satisfaction, and amply repaid us for all the difficulties and troubles we met; the only unpleasant circumstance that for a moment occupied our attention, was the mark of gradual depopulation, so strongly impressed on the general face of the country, and measures have not yet been adopted to remedy the evil, or to restore it to its pristine state.

The following may suffice to give an idea of the prevailing abuses, which cause such utter depression—Kumaon is divided into purgunnahs, in each of which there are Kameens or head men from whom the revenue is received, and who are acknowledged to have entire control, as they are held responsible for the conduct of the people, and seized when offences are committed until the culprit is discovered. Thus they have become Lords of the Land, and reckon their inferiors as subjects, over whom they rule with despotic sway, and who frequently submit with ignominious servility. They are naturally such a timid race that fear makes them endure patiently the greatest oppression; though not void of natural abilities and particularly cunning, yet they seldom have spirit to use and exert them. It is well ascertained that the Kameens by their influence, deprive these poor wretches of 12 annas in every rupee that they have earned even by hard labour. To see the food they are obliged to eat with content, one would almost envy the "Beasts of the Field."

Dates.	Halting Places.	Distances		State of Thermometer.		
		M.	F.	Morn. degs.	Noon degs.	Even. degs.
Mar. 1819						
1st	53	63½	56
2d	51	66	58
3d	53½	67½	59
4th	55½	67½	63
5th	Bumsah Ghaut,	3	10	57	71½	64
6th	Soobakkote,	10	2	49	70	52
7th	Soobakkote,	0	0	47	75	51
8th	Boogaong,	9	0	41	72	52
9th	Bhagaisor,	10	0	40	78	52
10th	Kandah,	10	0	42	77	52
11th	Tambakkau,	19	4	45	74	54
12th	Gungouly,	9	0	51	74	51
13th	Ram Gunga River, ..	9	0	48	78	51
14th	Pettorahgur,	12	4	54	72	56
15th	Jäkpörän,	7	0	48	72	51
16th	Barrakkote,	12	0	54	78	56
17th	Lohoo Ghaut,	6	4	52	68	46
18th	Kumlake,	10	0	50	72	51
19th	Below Dee,	11	4	51	70	55
20th	Almorah,	27	4	54	69	62
21st	61	74	59
22d	53	62	58
23d	49	65	50
24th	53	70	63½
25th	56	71	65
26th	61	71	65
27th	60	71½	58½
28th	50½	48	53
29th	48	59	59
30th	53	66	59
31st	53	66	52½

Original Poetry.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

The inclosed is a Paraphrase of a Song, or Ode, written in the Brij Bakah language, and discovered in the cumberbund of a Pindarry Chieftain, (who had fallen during a night-skirmish, between the Freebooters and a Detachment of our Cavalry) about the commencement of the last campaign. Should you think it worthy of a corner in one of your Literary Numbers, the insertion of it will oblige a reader and admirer of the Calcutta Journal.

Rusypugli, August, 1819.

T. M.

WAR SONG.

Mount and away!—Hark! the Nuqura's loud call,
Bids the Serf quit his labour, the Chieftain his hall;
Bright looks and sweet voices awhile must give way
To the flash of the spear, and the war-courser's neigh.
The Kaffers shall tremble, who view from afar
Our conquest-crown'd banner, like Buchram's red star,*
And fly to the ships, whence they treacherously came,
To rob us of glory, to clothe us in shame.
Would they track our bold march, let them look where on high
Our war-fire's reflection hangs red in the sky;
An Iris of Hope, to the Free and the Brave,
A Meteor of Fear, to the Coward and Slave.
Let the Mussulmaan rise, with his old battle cry,
For the glad hour of Freedom and Vengeance is nigh;
Let him think of the sceptre his forefathers away'd,
And the might of past ages shall rest on his blade.
Will the fiery Rajpoot hear the trumpet that rings,
With a Nation's appeal to the Offspring of Kings,
Nor rush to the field, like his sires of old,
The vanguard of valour, and guides of the bold?
Sound—Sound to Horse!—Hark! the loud clanging hoof,
And the neigh of impatience gives gallant reproof,
March! and the tramp of our Durrahs shall roll
Like a fast-coming storm on the Infidel's soul.

BEAUTY IN SMILES.

To Miss C—.

'T the misty morn of incense-breathing May,
Ere yet the Golden God has crowned the day,
When the fresh dew bespangles every flower,
And all creation, grateful, owns its power;
Who hath not wandered forth at peep of dawn,
And felt and owned the magic of such morn?
So sweetly mild the heaven-born influence seems
That steals o'er those on whom thy aspect beams
Its rays of soul-felt cheerfulness. But see!
How o'er this scene of full tranquillity
The Sun of Smiles arises! o'er that face
Beaming through Beauty's form, the soul of grace.
To paint it, who shall dare? E'en vision's power
Were weak to read the glories of that hour
As on the tranquil morn, in pure delight,
The child of Nature feasts his ravished sight,
Till the bright Orb of Day ascending high
O'erpowers the vision that would brave the sky;
So on the aspect of thy milder charms
Mortals may feast, nor Love e'en feel alarms
Till when the magic of thy Smiles arise
To give new lustre e'en to Beauty's skies,
The fate of Icarus, as Poets tell,
Who braved the Solar Orb, and trembling fell,
Awaits the mortal who could dare to gaze
On beauty such as thine, in full meridian blaze.

Barrackpore, July, 1819.

PHAON.

* Buchram—The Planet Mars.

ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE.

The Angel of the Flowers, one day,
Beneath a Rose-tree, sleeping lay.
That Spirit to whose charge 'tis given,
To bathe young buds with dew from Heaven;
Awaking from his sweet repose,
He thus addressed the maiden Rose:
"Oh! fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'rt given to me;
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee,
Then, said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
On me another grace bestow."

The Angel paus'd, a moment thought,
What grace there was the Rose had not,
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws,
And clothed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that Rose exceed.

Dinapore, July 25, 1819.

E. J.

TO BESSY.

'Tis not the eye of tenderest blue,
Tho' Bessy, such the tint of thine!
Or lips, whose blushing sweets to view
The rose's opening buds repine;—
No—nor the hues, each other aiding,
That o'er thy face such charms diffuse
The orient to the lily fading.
The lily kindling to the rose;—
Nor yet the features, that display
A softer symmetry divine
Than Titian's pencil could portray.
Have thrall'd this panting heart of mine;
No—nor that form so sweetly moulded,
Those graceful limbs, that swelling breast.
Or what, in envious lawn enfolded,
Are but by busy fancy guess'd;—
No, 'tis not these—tho' these alone
Might be a colder lover's theme,
Have fix'd thee on my bosom's throne—
My midnight thought, my waking dream.
But I have found a sweeter charm,
Or fancy'd that the charm was found;—
A bosom that my vows could warm;
A smile to heal as well as wound.
Yes, I have thought that eye of blue
Has melted at my ardent gaze;
That bosom, when it swell'd to view,
Has answer'd to my glowing lays.
And I have thought, when I have spoken
Of fond devotion at that shrine,
O'er thy fresh-kindling cheek hath broken
A deeper blush—to answer mine.

1812.

J. S. B.

On witnessing the mockery of human misery, in Mr. Canning's
unfeeling sarcasms on his wretched countrymen.

Are ye the scions of that noble stock,
Are ye the offspring of those men of yore,
They who oppos'd in fields of streaming gore
Their bleeding breasts, a dauntless barrier rock,
Against their tyrant master's deadliest shock.—
They, on the plains of Runnamede who swore
Their native country free for evermore?
Are ye their true descendants—ye who mock
A nation's sufferings, and in grave debate,
Unheeding of a nation's earnest cries,
Have sold the birth-right of a free-born state,
And fool'd away its charter'd liberties?
Oh! ye have won a name that will not die,
It is supreme in deathless infamy.

1819.

J. S.

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